CARS

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INT. TRAILER - AFTERNOON

It's pitch black. We hear LOUD MEDITATIVE BREATHING and a DETERMINED VOICE, psyching himself up. In the background, we hear a distant AMBIENCE of a large crowd.

INTERNAL VOICE
Okay, here we go. Focus.
(a beat)
Speed. I am speed.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
One winner. Forty-two losers. I eat losers for breakfast.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
Breakfast? Wait, maybe I should have had breakfast? A little breck-y could be good for me. No, no, no, stay focused. Speed.

INTERCUT: Racing shot.

INTERNAL VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm faster than fast. Quicker than quick.
(a beat)
I am Lightning.

SFX: POUND POUND POUND

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Lightning, you ready?

ON INTERNAL VOICE'S POV

A door in front of him lowers.

INTERNAL VOICE (O.S.)
Oh yeah, Lightning's ready.

On #95, LIGHTNING MCQUEEN - A SLEEK, CONFIDENT, RED RACE CAR, and the source of our affirmations.

In this world, cars are the characters.

His LUCKY LIGHTNING BOLT STICKER glimmers in the light.

He pauses at the end of the trailer as the magnificent stadium comes into view. The crowd buzz grows louder.

MCQUEEN'S POV

The Lightyear Blimp flies overhead as cameras flash wildly in the audience.

We zoom in to a proud MCQUEEN REVS his engine for his adoring fans.

MCQUEEN
Ka-chow!

CUT: Racetrack.

The race is on! Race cars are zooming and whooshing along. McQueen overtakes several racers, then two block his way. He used his right wheels to ride the wall past them.

He races in front of a camera mounted on the back of a car, winking at the lens.

The jumbotron gives us a grand reveal of Lightning's smile of confidence. Two twin Miatas SQUEAL EXCITEDLY! The crowd does the Wave by rising up on their front tires.

TRINKET SELLER
(yelling)
Get your antenna balls here!

The contestant cars pass motorhomes in the infield. One wears a beer hat loaded with 2 Dinoco oil-drums.

LARRY CAMPER
Whoooo!!

THE REAL MATER
You got that right, slick!

He WHISTLES CHEERFULLY!

Pit crews made up of several forklifts change the race cars' tires and feed them fuel.

Male cars zip into a mens' room whereas a line of female cars waits outside a womens' room.

An RV's trailer reads "ELVIS" & resembles a pompadour, it sneers.

A GREEN race car with a grille resembling a mustache bumps the lead car out of bounds but is passed by a SLEEK racer with a tall rear stabilizer wing. McQueen tries to catch up to the 2 lead cars.

Now, to a sportscasters' booth.

BOB CUTLASS
Welcome back to the Dinoco 400. I'm Bob Cutlass, here with my good friend Darrell Cartrip. We're midway through what may be an historic day for racing.

DARRELL CARTRIP
(excited)
Bob, my oil pressure's through the roof right now. If this gets any more excitin', they're gonna have to tow me outta the booth!

BOB CUTLASS
Right you are, Darrell.

Cut: To the racetrack.

The King leads in front of Chick Hicks, and Lightning McQueen.

A trio of graphics appear with their names and points, 5013, shoot down onto the representing racers.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Three cars are tied for the season points lead, heading into the final race of the season. And the winner of this race, Darrell, will win the season title and the Piston Cup.

A Piston Cup - a trophy plated in GOLD appears on screen.

The screen views The King.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O., CONT'D)
Does The King, Strip Weathers, have one more victory in him before retirement?

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
He's been Dinoco's golden boy for years! Can he win them one last Piston Cup?

The screen views Chick Hicks.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
And, as always, in the second place spot we find Chick Hicks. He's been chasing that tailfin his entire career.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Chick thought this was his year, Bob. His chance to finally emerge from The King's shadow. But the last thing he expected was… Lightning McQueen!

A graphic ZAPS itself into view! Revealing "LIGHTNING MCQUEEN" against an orange lightning bolt.

The screen views Lightning McQueen.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
You know, I don't think anybody expect this. The rookie sensation came into the season unknown. But everyone knows him now.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Will he be the first rookie to win a Piston Cup and land Dinoco?

The 3 lead cars appear one-by-one in individual shots.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
The legend, the runner-up, and the rookie! Three cars, one champion!

The Piston Cup graphic EXPLODES, bringing us back to the race. Chick rides The King's tail GROWLING.

McQueen pulls up alongside Chick, inching forward.

CHICK HICKS
No you don't.

As the rookie overtakes him, Chick scrapes the wall.

Lightning chuckles.

CHICK HICKS
Hey!

Chick catches up to McQueen and bumps him, sending him spinning into the infield.

Lightning GRUNTING as he tries to regain control.

The two motorhome race fans CHEER at Lightning.

THE REAL MATER
Oh, man!

LARRY CAMPER
What a ride!

Chick LAUGHS, as McQueen brakes to a stop in the grass.

LARRY CAMPER
Go get 'em, McQueen! Go get 'em!

THE REAL MATER
(whistles)

McQueen speeds off. The red race car quickly catches up with the pack.

FEMALE FAN (O.S.)
I love you, Lightning!

Back on Chick.

CHICK HICKS
Dinoco is all mine.

Chick slams a competitor.

DARRELL CARTRIP (O.S.)
Trouble, turn three!

CHICK HICKS
Haha! Get through that, McQueen.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Oooh! Huge crash behind the leaders!

The crowd gasps in horror!

Race cars SCREAM and spin. A loose tire bounces off the track, another contestant flies through the air. As more cars fly, two skid to a stop.

RACE CAR #1
(giggles nervously)

One gets plowed into.

The other one gets knocked upside down on the roof of another competitor, they scream like mad animals.

McQueen weaves around the crashing cars.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Wait a second, Darrell. McQueen is in the wreckage.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
There's no way the rookie can make it through! Not in one piece that is.

The rookie bounces the tires of an overturned competitor and flies HIGH into the air! He passes through a cloud of smoke.

He exhales.

His tongue flapping in the wind, he winks at the crowd.

MCQUEEN
Yeah!

MIA & TIA
Lightning!

The two twins swoon on impact with his bolt's gleam.

He lands hard.

The flag-waver happily waves his yellow flag.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Look at that! McQueen made it through!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Man! A spectacular move by Lightning McQueen!

Lightning views his sticker glimmering off the barrier wall.

MCQUEEN
(full of confidence)
Yeah! Ka-chow!

Cut: The audience.

The fans all chant "McQueen! McQueen! McQueen!".

A banner on a motorhome reads, 'MCQUEEN'S BIGGEST FAN".

MCQUEEN'S BIGGEST FAN
(loudly)
Yeah, McQueen! Ka-chow!!!!

The motorhome blares his horn in excitement, disturbing the other surrounding fans. The pace car drives in front of McQueen as the tow trucks arrive on scene to fetch the damaged competitors.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
While everyone heads into the pits, McQueen stays out to take the lead!

A tow truck drags a heavily-damaged race car into the pits.

DAMAGED CAR
(slurred)
Don't take me out, Coach. I can still race!

In a pit, Chick gets his tires changed.

CHICK HICKS
(chuckling)
Whaddaya think, boys? A thing of beauty.

CHICK'S COACH
McQueen made it through!

CHICK HICKS
What?!

CHICK'S COACH
He's not pitting!

CHICK HICKS
C'mon! Let's go! You gotta get me back out there! Let's go! Gimme back out there! Come on!

Cut: the skybox.

BOB CUTLASS
McQueen's not going into the pits!

DARRELL CARTRIP
Y' know, the rookie just fired his crew chief. That's the third one this season!

Back in the pits, Chick's Coach SHOUTS for his car to go! Chick races back onto the track.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Well, he says he likes working alone, Darrell. Looks like Chick got caught up in the pits.

DARRELL CARTRIP
Yeah, after a stop like that, he's got a lot of ground to make up. Get ready, boys, we're comin' to the restart!

In a montage, the cars move slowly down the track lined up in pairs. A pickup truck marked 'RACE OFFICIAL' waves a checkered flag and the race resumes. The scoreboard reads 'LAP 213'.

Later it reads 'LAP 258'. Chick tries to overtake a competitor.

CHICK HICKS
Come on, come on, come on!

Now, the scoreboard reads, 'LAP 294'. As The King moves ahead of other cars, McQueen pulls into his pit.

NOT CHUCK
We need tires now! C'mon, let's go!

MCQUEEN
No, no, no, no! No tires, just gas!

NOT CHUCK
WHAT?!?! You need tires, you idiot!

McQueen drives away.

His pit crew throws down his tires in furious anger, spitting on them.

Back on McQueen.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Looks like it's all gas-and-go's for McQueen today.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
That's right. No tires again.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Now normally I'd say that's short-term gain, long-term loss, but it sure is workin' for him. Hey, he obviously know somethin' we don't know.

Beside a safety cage, cars speed around a curve. Specks of debris tumble across the track. As McQueen zooms by, an official waves a white flag.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
This is it, Darrell. One lap to go and Lightning McQueen has a huge lead.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Aw, he's got it in the bag. Call in the dogs and pull out the fire! We're gonna crown us a new champion!

The crowd ROARS with cheers. Flash bombs glimmer in the stands, the twins scream in delight for their favorite race car. McQueen races unchallenged.

MCQUEEN
Checkered flag, here I come!

Suddenly, his rear left tire blows out.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
Oh, no! McQueen has blown a tire!

The crowd gasps in shock.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
And with only one turn to go! Can he make it?

In the pits.

NOT CHUCK
You fool!

One of McQueen's pitties grunt as he topples a rack of tires.

THE KING'S COACH
McQueen's blow a tire! McQueen's blown a tire! Go, go, go, go, go, go!

McQueen's rear left rim scrapes and sparks on the pavement. Chick & The King increases their speed and closes the gap. He grunts with effort as his other rear tire blows out.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
He's lost another tire! The King and Chick are comin' up fast!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
They're entering turn three!

Lightning struggles to gain speed.

MCQUEEN
Come on!

He struggles onward as the other race cars continue to close the gap.

DARRELL CARTRIP
I don't believe what I'm watching, Bob! Lightning McQueen is a hundred feet from his Piston Cup!

Gasping, McQueen hops his way towards the finish line on his 2 front tires. Chick angrily catches up alongside The King.

BOB CUTLASS
(anticipating)
The King & Chick rounding turn four.

The race official raises his flag in anticipation. The King & Chick speed side-by-side as McQueen limps towards the finish line.

DARRELL CARTRIP (V.O.)
(going nuts)
Down the stretch they come! And it's, and it's…

ON THE FINISH LINE

King, Chick, and McQueen, who leaps and slides forward, all hit the finish line at the same time!

BOB CUTLASS
It's too close to call! It's too close to call!

DARRELL CARTRIP
I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I don't believe it! I STILL don't believe it! Look at that!

IN THE STANDS, Mia, Tia, and the fans go crazy!

ON THE ANNOUNCERS BOOTH

BOB CUTLASS
The most spectacular, amazing, unequivocally, unbelievable ending in the history of the world! And we don't even know who won!

On the three cars as they cross…

EXT. VICTORY LANE - LATER

INSTANT REPLAY OF THE FINISH from various angles, McQueen's extended tongue appears to cross the finish line alongside the front ends of the two other racers.

We pull back to reveal… REFEREE CARS huddle around a monitor, watching repeated shots of the finish.

A TOUGH SUV SECURITY GUARD looks into camera.

SUV SECURITY GUARD
Hey no cameras! Get outta here!

Reporter KORI TURBOWITZ is at McQueen's side, conducting a live interview, while McQueen's pitties gruffly replace his tires.

KORI TURBOWITZ
We're here in Victory Lane awaiting the race results. McQueen, that was quite a risky move, not taking tires.

NOT CHUCK
(snidely, to self)
Tell me about it!

KORI TURBOWITZ
Are you sorry you didn't have a crew chief out there?

Not Chuck scoffs.

Lightning chuckles.

MCQUEEN
Oh, Kori. There's a lot more to racing than just winning. I mean, taking the race by a full lap… where's the entertainment in that? No, no, I wanted to give the folks a little sizzle.

NOT CHUCK
(huh?)
Sizzle?

MCQUEEN
And am I sorry I don't have a crew chief? No, I'm not, 'Cause I'm a one-man show.

NOT CHUCK
(sarcastic)
What? Oh yeah, right.

KORI TURBOWITZ
That was a very confident Lightning McQueen. Coming to you live from Victory Lane, I'm Kori Turbowitz.

A photographer struggles to get a picture of McQueen, but his pitties are blocking him.

PHOTOGRAPHER SUV
Hey, get out of the shot!

MCQUEEN
Yo, Chuck, what are you doing? You're blocking the camera! Everyone wants to see the bolt!

NOT CHUCK
What?

MCQUEEN
Now, back away.

McQueen's pit crew frustratedly throw their wrenches down.

NOT CHUCK
URGH! That's it! Come on, guys.

The last pitty drops McQueen.

MCQUEEN
Ow! Whoa, team! Where are you going?

NOT CHUCK
We quit, Mr. One-Man Show!

MCQUEEN (O.S.)
Oh, OK, leave. Fine.

Cut back to McQueen, laughing.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
(fake horror)
How will I ever find anyone else who knows how to fill me up with gas?

The crowd laughs.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Adios, Chuck!

NOT CHUCK (V.O.)
And my name is not Chuck!

MCQUEEN
Oh, whatever!

The crowd laughs again.

Chick Hicks and his pit crew approach Lightning.

CHICK HICKS
Hey Lightning! Yo! McQueen! Seriously, that was some pretty darn nice racin' out there.
(a beat)
By me!

Chick erupts into boisterous laughter.

CHICK'S PIT CREW
- **Oh, yeah! Zinger!**
- **Uh huh!**
- **Good one!**

CHICK HICKS
Welcome to the Chick Era, baby! The Piston Cup… It's mine, dude. It's mine.

Chick's pit crew murmur in agreement.

CHICK HICKS
Hey, fellas, how do you think I'd look in Dinoco blue? Dinoco blue!

Chick laughs again.

CHICK PITTY #1
Blue's your color!

MCQUEEN
I'm your dreams, Thunder.

CHICK HICKS
Yeah, right.
(to his crew)
Thunder? What's he talkin' about, "Thunder"?

Chick's crew shrugs.

MCQUEEN
Well, you know, 'cause thunder always comes after LIGHTNING. Ka-ping! Ka-pow!

The crowd quickly rush around him with cameras. Chick eyes his rival angrily.

CHICK HICKS
Who here knew about the thunder thing?

CHICK'S PIT CREW
No, I didn't.

The paparazzi storm McQueen and he poses for them.

PAPARAZZI

- **This way, McQueen!**
- **McQueen, over here!**
- **Hey, McQueen, we want to see the bolt!**
- **That's right.**
- **Give us the bolt!**
- **Right in the lens!**
- **Smile, McQueen!**
- **Show me the bolt, baby!**
- **Show me the bolt, McQueen!**
- **That's it!**

Meanwhile, show girl cars wearing feathered headgear sit and wave outside the Dinoco tent. Nearby, the King between two cars, one his wife Lynda and a gold car with a bullhorn hood ornament Tex Dinoco his sponsor.

TEX DINOCO

Oo-wee! That was one close finish. You sure made Dinoco proud. Thank ya, King.

THE KING

Well, Tex, you've been good to me all these years. It's the least I can do.

MRS. THE KING

Whatever happens, you're a winner to me, you old daddy rabbit.

THE KING

Thanks, dear. Wouldn't be nothin' without you.

The two blue cars nuzzle each other.

AT A STAGE

McQueen flashes his sticker to the crowd.

MCQUEEN

Kch-i-ka-chow!

The Miata twins eagerly press through the crowd, right in front of McQueen.

MIA

I'm Mia!

TIA

I'm Tia!

BOTH

We're, like, your biggest fans! Ka-chow!

They both flash their literal headlights, which have 95 stickers on them, for McQueen.

MCQUEEN
(in bliss)
Oh, I love being me.

The security cars push them away.

SECURITY CARS
OK, girls, that's it.

MIA & TIA
Oh! We love you, Lightning!

TIA (O.S.)
No, I love you more!

The King rolls up in front of McQueen.

THE KING
Hey buddy. You're one gutsy racer.

MCQUEEN
Oh, hey, Mr. The King.

THE KING
You got more talent in one lug nut than a lotta cars has got in their whole body.

MCQUEEN
Really? Oh, that…

THE KING
(interrupted)
But you're stupid.

MCQUEEN
(offended)
Excuse me?

THE KING
This ain't a one-man deal, kid. You need to wise up and get yourself a good crew chief and a good team. You ain't gonna win unless you got good folks behind you, and you let them do their job, like they should. Like I tell the boys at the shop…

McQueen, losing his attention, gawks at the shiny Dinoco helicopter.

MCQUEEN
A good team. Yeah…

McQueen fantasizes about winning the Piston Cup. An ad reads, 'THE NEW FACE OF DINOCO' with a blue Lightning. His logo replaces the King's logo on the Dinoco tent with the helicopter winking. He poses with the cup, KA-CHOWING. McQueen arrives at Grauman's Chinese Theatre with Mia & Tia.

A movie's opening titles read, 'Lightning McQueen IS Lightning Storm'. Giant spider-like spark plugs disintegrate cars on freeway ramps. Lightning Storm swoops down from the sky and blows them up with missiles. At the premiere, McQueen puts his tire-prints in cement. Later, he parties in a Hollywood Hills mansion being kissed by the twins clad in metallic gold.

BACK TO REALITY

THE KING
If you figure that out, you just gonna be OK.

MCQUEEN
Oh, yeah, that… That is spectacular advice. Thank you, Mr. The King.

SFX: FANFARE

McQueen gasps eagerly.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, for the first time in Piston Cup history…

AT THE BACKSTAGE ARENA

McQueen revs his engine.

MCQUEEN
A rookie has won the Piston Cup.

He leaps from behind the curtains onto the winners' stage.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
Yes!

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
…we have a three-way tie.

The crowd goes crazy!

Confetti cannons blast and LED lights shine into the stands.

McQueen's joy and enthusiasm quickly fades, as the other two cars join him onstage. The frenzied crowd snap pictures of the never-before-seen moment.

CHICK HICKS
(laughing)
Oh, boy. Hey, McQueen, that must be really embarrassing. But I wouldn't worry about it. Because I didn't do it!

Chick erupts into boisterous laughter at his rival's shame.

BOB CUTLASS (V.O.)
Piston Cup officials have determined that a tiebreaker race between the three leaders will be held in California in one week.

The press photograph the 3 tiebreaking cars.

CHICK HICKS
(to audience)
Well, thank you! Thanks to all of you out there! Thank you!
(to McQueen, whispering)
Hey, first one to California gets Dinoco all to himself.

A flashbulb clicks loudly at Chick.

CHICK HICKS
Aah! No, not me! No, you rock, and you know that!

As fireworks burst over the speedway, a blimp watches from the distance.

AL OFT
Oh, yeah! Whoo!

AT THE TRAILER PARKING SPACE

McQueen drives to his trailer's spot as pitties load up other trucks.

MCQUEEN
(mocking Chick's words)
"First one to California gets Dinoco all to himself." Oh, we'll see who gets there first, Chick.

His trailer is missing from its assigned spot.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
(perplexed)
Huh?

Mack, McQueen's semi hauler, appears.

MACK
Hey, Kid! Congrats on the tie.

MCQUEEN
I don't want to talk about it. Come on, let's go, Mack. Saddle up. What'd you do with my trailer?

Mack reverses, revealing it to be parked at the Rust-Eze sponsor tent.

MACK
I parked it over at your sponsor's tent.

MCQUEEN
What?

MACK
You gotta make your personal appearance.

McQueen panics.

MCQUEEN
No. No! No, no, no, no!

A COMMERCIAL

MCQUEEN (on TV)
Yes, yes, yes! Lightning McQueen here! And I use Rust-eze Medicated Bumper Ointment, new rear end formula! Nothing soothes a rusty bumper like Rust-eze.

The ointment swipes a rusted car's rear bumper and makes his shiny and brand new.

MCQUEEN (on TV, CONT'D)
Wow! Look at that shine! Use Rust-eze and you too can look like *ME*! Ka-chow!

INSIDE THE RUST-EZE TENT

A crowd of rusty cars watch and laugh as Rusty & Dusty Rust-Eze crack jokes.

RUSTY
I met this car from Swampscott. He was so rusty, he didn't even cast a shadow.

DUSTY
I could see his dirty undercarriage.

The hosts and crowd laughs. Mack & McQueen watch in from the entrance.

MCQUEEN
(groans angrily)
I hate rusty cars. This is not good for my image.

MACK
They did give you your big break. Besides, it's in your contract.

MCQUEEN
Oh, will you stop, please? Just go get hooked up.

BACK INSIDE THE TENT

DUSTY
Winter is a grand ol' time.

RUSTY
Of this there are no ifs or buts.

DUSTY
But remember, all that salt and grime…

RUSTY
Can rust your bolts and freeze your…

McQueen sneaks into the tent behind a cardboard cutout of himself, it falls.

DUSTY
Hey, look! There he is! It's our almost champ!

The crowd of rusty cars spot him.

RUSTY
Get your rear end in here, kid.

RUSTY CARS
- **Lightning McQueen, you are wicked fast!**
- **That race was a pisser!**
- **You were booking, McQueen!**

MCQUEEN
G-give me a little room, guys.

A jalopy, SPRINKLING RUST, with a license plate that reads, 'HELLOMYNAMEIS FRED' smiles at Lightning laughing.

FRED
You're my hero, Mr. McQueen!

MCQUEEN
Yes, I know. (chuckles)

He reads Fred's plate.

MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
"Fred." Fred, thank you.

FRED
(going nuts)
He knows my name. He knows my name!

Fred's front bumper clangs off.

The hosts laugh.

DUSTY
Looking good, Freddie!

Lightning rolls on stage alongside the old cars.

RUSTY
Thanks to you, Lightning, we had a banner year!

DUSTY
Oh, I mean, we might even clear enough to buy you some headlights.

RUSTY
Are you saying he doesn't have headlights?

DUSTY
That's what I'm tellin' ya. It's just stickers!

MCQUEEN
(fake smile)
Well, you know, racecars don't need headlights, because the track is always lit.

RUSTY
(excited)
Yeah, well, so is my brother, but he still needs headlights.

The crowd laughs uproariously.

MCQUEEN
(forced laughter)

RUSTY
Ladies and gentlemen-

RUSTY & DUSTY
LIGHTNING MCQUEEN!

A single spotlight shines on McQueen, crickets chirp.

DISTANT MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Free Bird!

MCQUEEN
(forced)
You know, the Rust-eze Medicated Bumper Ointment team ran a great race today. And remember, with a little Rust-eze… (whispers) And an insane amount of luck, … you too, can look like me. Ka-chow.

The crowd and hosts laugh amusedly & cheer as McQueen reverses into his trailer.

RUSTY
Hey, kid.

DUSTY
Ah, we love ya. And we're looking forward to another great year. Just like this year!

RUSTY
(laughs)

McQueen smiles at them as the door closes.

INSIDE THE TRAILER

MCQUEEN
Not on your life…

Mack drives off.

RUSTY
Don't drive like my brother!

DUSTY
Oh yeah, well don't drive like my brother.

ON A CAMERA

MACK
California, here we come!

INSIDE THE TRAILER

MCQUEEN
Dinoco, here we come!